What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyne?
But who is here, *Lyſander* on the grouud?
Dead or aſleepe? I ſee no blood, no wound,
Lyſander, if you liue, good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will for thy ſweet ſake.
Tranſparant *Helena*, nature ſhewes arte,
That through thy boſome makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſwai'd:
And reaſon ſaies you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their ſeaſon;
So I being young, till now ripe not to reaſon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues ſtories, written in Loues richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deſerue this ſcorne?
Iſt not enough, iſt not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-ſooth you do)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.

Oh,

Oh, that a Lady of one man refvs'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*: *Hermia*, ſleepe
And neuer maiſt thou come *Lyſander* neere;
For as a ſurfet of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomacke brings
Or as the hereſies that men do leaue,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceiue:
So thou, my ſurfet, and my hereſie,
Of all be hated; but the moſt of me;
And all my powers addreſſe your loue and m
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight.
Her. Helpe me *Lyſander*, helpe me; do thy
To plucke this crawling ſerpent from my bre
Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?
Lyſander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a ſerpent eate my heart away,
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruell prey.
Lyſander, what remoou'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No ſound, no v
Alacke where are you? ſpeake and if you hea
Speake of all loues; I ſwound almoſt with fe
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Eyther death or you ile finde immediately.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat, and heres a maruailous co
for our rehearſall. This greene plot ſhall be
hauthorne brake our tyring houſe, and we w
tion, as we will do it before the Duke.
Bot. Peter quince?
Peter. What ſaiſt thou, bully *Bottome*?
Bot. There are things in this Comedy
Thisby, that will neuer pleaſe. Firſt, *Piram*
ſword to kill himſelfe; which the Ladyes